

THE
Connecticut Common School Journal
AND
ANNALS OF EDUCATION.

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THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL.

THE usual anniversary exercises of this excellent Institution took place during the first week of October. The sermon before the graduating class was preached to a very large audience, by the Rev. Mr. Russell. His text was, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The sermon was an able and eloquent one, containing many valuable thoughts, though in the opinion of many of his hearers the preacher attached an importance to Parochial Schools quite at variance with the views of the great mass of Educators, and Christians of the present day.

Monday, Oct. 5th, was devoted to the examination of the school and the result was very gratifying,—indicating thoroughness on the part of the instructors, and diligent application on the part of the pupils.

On the evening of Monday, the Hon. David N. Camp gave an address before the graduating class in the South Church. His subject was "The teacher's relation to the march of Civilization." It was an exceedingly well written performance and delivered in that earnest style, which added to its effect. It abounded in those highly sensible and judicious suggestions which we might expect from one of so much practical experience. We could but feel that if the members of the graduating class would bear away with them the good spirit of the Lecturer, and carry into practice the admirable hints given by him, they would be, in an eminent degree, instrument-

al of elevating and adorning their chosen profession. The address was listened to with marked attention by a large audience.

On Tuesday the examination of the senior class took place, followed by an exhibition of their proficiency in the art of Teaching, with classes from the model schools,—interspersed with oral and written Essays on methods of teaching, and School management. The various exercises were highly creditable to all concerned, and were listened to very attentively by a large number of citizens and strangers.

On Tuesday evening the Center Church was filled by a highly intelligent audience, assembled to listen to the address and poem before the Barnard and Gallaudet Societies. The address, by the REV. DR. HUNTINGTON, of Cambridge, was one of the best it has ever been our privilege to hear. Those convened had come together with strong anticipations of a literary treat, and we believe the expectations of all were more than realized. His theme was "Religion and Science,—or the influence of religious faith in a system of Education." It would be impossible for us to give a report which would do justice to the Speaker,—and we can only say that it was an address of rare merit, and one which can but have a highly salutary and elevating influence upon all who had the pleasure and privilege of listening to it. It was emphatically appropriate and timely.

Of the poem, by J. G. SAXE, Esq., we wish we could speak as favorably, but a regard to truth compels us to say, that a general feeling of disappointment prevailed throughout the audience. Both those who had previously heard him, and those who knew him only by reputation felt that their former good impressions were not sustained nor their present anticipations realized. The Poet's theme was "The Press," and though the poem contained many good thoughts and some good "hits," it did not seem appropriate to the occasion, and the manner of the speaker was such as to indicate that he was fully conscious that his performance was not quite "the thing" for such a gathering.

Wednesday, A. M. was devoted to a meeting of the Alumni, and to the annual address before the same. As we were not present at the former we can say nothing concerning it, and as the address will soon be printed, we must leave that to speak for itself. We regret that circumstances rendered it inconvenient for us to listen to it.

Wednesday afternoon was devoted to the exercises of the graduating class consisting of ten Ladies, and seven Gentlemen. At an early hour the large church was filled in every part. The following was the order of exercises.

ORIGINAL ORATIONS AND ESSAYS,

By the Candidates for the Diploma. Wednesday, 2 P. M., at the Center Church.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER.

ANTHEM—"How lovely is Zion."

The Hero.

Lewis A. Camp, *South Farms.*

The School as it was, and as it is.

Mary E. Hill, *New Britain.*

Primary Schools.

Maria A. Butler, *New Britain.*

Time has wrought changes.

Correl F. North, *Torrington.*

GLEE—"Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow.

Cultivation of the Imagination.

Cynthia E. Brooks, *Guilford.*

Practical Education.

Levi E. Latimer, *Bloomfield.*

Silent Cities

Olive A. Pond, *New Britain.*

Nature a proof of God's existence.

Fred. W. Smith, *East Lyme.*

Mental and Moral Strength.

Eliza Talcott, *New Britain.*

DUETT AND CHORUS—"My Home in New England."

Plain of Esdraelon.

Harriet L. Hart, *Guilford.*

Necessity of Education to the success of Free

Lucia F. Holcomb, *Granby.*

Institutions.

James H. Linsley, *Northford.*

Ferdinand De Soto.

Frances Cheseboro, *Stonington.*

SONG—"Go and Wander on the Mountains."

Connecticut.

*Annie M. Chester, *New London.*

English Poets, a Poem.

Allen Mc'Lean, *Simsbury.*

The elements of a true Life, with the

Phebe Selleck, *Bridgeport.*

Valedictory Address.

Edward B. Peck, *New Haven.*

*Excused.

CHORUS—"A Hundred Years to come."

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

A PARTING SONG.—BY FRANCES CHESBORO.

The ties will soon be broken,
That bind us heart to heart—
Those saddening words be spoken,
The farewells ere we part.
Yet hope gilds bright our future,
Though memories of the past
O'erwhelm us as we linger—
This day seems not the last.

Soon we go forth as reapers,
To sheave the golden grain;
A noble task awaits us,
Harvests of thought we glean.
But oh! we still turn fondly
Back to the summer days,
The mournfulness of parting,
Is in our lingering gaze.

God help us in our strivings,
To do His work aright,
And like the stars, unhasting,
Unresting—with our might.
Strive we with holy influence
The glowing heart to bind,
And rouse to earnest action
The hidden springs of mind.

We have sought the priceless treasures
Of wisdom side by side;
Now go we forth her votaries,
Though scattered—still allied.
And be our place of meeting,
When earthly toils are o'er,
Where flows the shining river
Of Life, forevermore.

The several exercises were well written, and well spoken,—affording good evidence that the Institution was sustaining the excellent reputation it has enjoyed for the last few years.

At the close of the exercises, the members of the graduating class took their stand in front of the pulpit to receive the Diploma of the School. This was presented by the Hon. F. GILLETTE, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. He addressed the graduates in an exceedingly appropriate manner,—alluding to the high nature and dignity of the work before them, urging them to fidelity, and assuring them of the heartfelt sympathies of the Trustees of the Institution. Owing to the lateness of the hour the customary speeches from other members of the Board were omitted. So far as we can learn the exercises generally gave a high degree of satisfaction.

In the evening the members of the Normal School and their friends were invited by the Hon. David N. Camp, to spend the evening, socially, in the Normal Hall. A large number assembled and the evening was passed very pleasantly, and we believe all separated feeling strengthened in their attachment to the Connecticut State Normal School.

ENDURING INFLUENCE OF HUMAN ACTIONS. We see not in life the end of human actions. The influence never dies. In ever widening circle it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world; time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning, when we go forth, to lay the moulding hand on our destiny; and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impression upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity—a voice but reports at the Throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things; and let every one remember that in this world character is in its formation-state—it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

THE TEACHER'S TRIUMPH.

It was the afternoon of a long and beautiful day, in the month of September, which found me sitting in the quiet chamber of my dear friend M. We had from childhood been intimate friends, and now that disease had laid his wasting hand upon the frame of one ever so dear to me, we seemed bound by new and holier ties. M. was a gay, laughing, happy child, early enjoying the title of Miss Flut-terbudget, but as she verged into womanhood her whole being seemed to have undergone a miraculous change. She became sedate and thoughtful beyond her years. She was brave, energetic and ambitious, possessing a true woman's heart that warmed with love toward every worthy object. She became a School-teacher, and well did she fill her new station. She entered with all the ardor of her nature upon her duties. She loved the work, and her pupils caught much of their teacher's spirit, and together they labored to make due advancement. But all this was too much for my darling M. A few seasons only passed away when my friend found her health giving way and in consequence was obliged to quit her loved occupation. Now she sat before me, supported by cushions in an easy chair, her cheeks, once red and rosy, now pale and colorless, her eyes large and lustrous, her whole frame wasted to a mere skeleton. She was evidently rapidly sinking into the tomb. As she neared the final hour she lost none of her cheerfulness, but was animated at the thought of being "one day nearer home." She often spoke of the happy days she had passed in school and on the afternoon in question narrated to me the following incident which I will relate in nearly her own language. "While teaching in B, I had one pupil, a girl, fourteen years old, who caused me deep anxiety. She possessed a superior mind, and was thus calculated to do much good, or evil. She seemed to take the latter course, and though she instigated no open rebellion, she improved every opportunity to harrass and perplex me. I knew not what to do. Matters continued in this state for a number of weeks, but as there is an end to every scene, there came one to this. One day during recitation she had worn my patience threadbare, when she let fall unguarded words from her lips, that touched me to the quick. I will acknowledge it, I was angry. She had spoken insolently in the presence of the whole school. I nervously grasped my rule and advanced toward her with the intention of punishing her severely on the spot. A still small voice whispered, "Beware, beware, do nothing rashly or imprudently." I stopped to consider; first

her's is a proud spirit that will never yield to blows, and if you strike you inflict a wound never to be healed; second, what could not be gained by whips has been accomplished by the judicious use of kindness. Gentleness may now secure the victory. My angry feelings were banished, I dismissed her at once from the recitation, desiring her to remain in her seat after school was dismissed. Soon school was out and while merry-hearted groups of little ones were wending their way homeward, we sat alone. 'Twas silent as the grave. S. seemed not to move or breathe; her head was erect, her whole countenance betokened a sullen and proud spirit, while a contemptuous curl of the lip, seemed to bid defiance to all attempts at reconciliation. I trembled; an overwhelming sense of my utter inability to do aught to subdue the passions which had gained the ascendancy in that young mind, drove me to a higher than earthly power for assistance in this emergency.

Leaving the room I entered an adjoining room and kneeling, I called earnestly upon my Heavenly Father for strength sufficient for my task. My first attempts at prayer were incoherent sentences, for I was weighed down with grief and a sense of responsibility and weakness. It was not long ere a sweet peace stole into my troubled soul. I felt how true they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. I was enabled to plead my cause with earnestness, and when I returned to the school-room I went with strong confidence that by the grace of God assisting me good would result from our interview. I found S. sitting in the same posture as when I left. I sat down by her side and passing my arm about her waist drew her toward me. She resisted, and I then told her I had desired to see her that we might talk over some of the occurrences of the past weeks. I told her of the tender, affectionate interest with which I regarded the welfare of all my pupils; that I felt grieved when I saw them guilty of any misconduct, for I knew they were but planting thorns which would disturb their peace in after life. I could sympathize with her for I perfectly knew from actual experience. I reminded her of the pain it would cause her dear parents should they know of her misconduct. I did not fail to tell her that she was sinning with a high hand against a just God. You wish to know how she was affected by all this. As I proceeded she ceased to resist the pressure of my arm and soon her head reclined upon my breast; then her eyes filled with tears; first one, then another huge teardrop rolled down her soft cheek. I felt sure the victory was mine. She was penitent and ready to ask pardon, but sobs and tears choked utterance.

Long time we sat locked in each other's embrace, weeping, her's tears of sorrow, mine of joy; joy that I had trusted in an Almighty arm, that I had called on the Lord in the day of trouble and he had heard me. Her sorrow was not wholly that she had wronged me, but she acknowledged that her transgressions were great in the sight of God. Ere we left the room we knelt in prayer, and while I rehearsed the sins of the day and plead forgiveness though the merit of the atoning blood of Christ, our mediator and Savior, S. was deeply affected; that night dates a new era in her life. She was ever after a diligent, faithful, kind and affectionate pupil, and from that hour she became an earnest inquirer of the way of life. After a severe struggle she yielded her heart to the Savior, and now rejoices in the hope that when her earthly career is finished, she shall inherit the kingdom prepared for all faithful followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Kind reader of this simple sketch, say you not that it verifies the language of the poet,

Gentleness is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

SUSIE RAYMOND.

Elmwood Hill, Sep. 25th, 1857.

HINTS ON DRESS.

(THE following piece, which we find in that *veteran* and excellent Journal, The Massachusetts Teacher, contains hints worthy the consideration of teachers. It should not be forgotten that the personal habits, the looks and the dress of teachers all have an influence, silent but positive, upon their pupils.—*Ed.*)

Teachers are seldom advised on the subject of *dress*. Perhaps it is believed that the limited income of most of us will effectually prevent any undue extravagance in that direction,—or the gratification of a love of display, if we be supposed to have it; or better still, perhaps it is universally conceded that the superior culture which we are allowed and *expected* to have, and our large share of "*common sense*," raise us above the petty details of an expensive and elaborate toilet.

We hope it is so. We acknowledge and rejoice in all the advan-

tages which keep us from the folly of the many, who give all their time and thoughts to decorating the body,—who think more of the *outer* than the *inner* man, if we may judge, (and why should we not?) from the pains they take in adorning the one, to the neglect of the other; and we are quite disposed to agree with them in their estimate, and to acknowledge that *dress is the man*, or all of it we can discover in *them*.

We believe we must step out of our own ranks for such specimens. Teachers have other and better business. Nevertheless, I have something to say to you about *dress*; not to warn you against extravagance,—or the love of dress for its own sake,—or the waste of too much precious time upon it. Of this there is no need. I have simply to ask you to dress better than you do. Are you surprised and indignant at such a request? Wait, and let us reason together.

I do not ask you to dress better at your homes, in the street, at church, or in public places; I am quite willing to leave that to your common sense and superior judgment. I do not ask you to dress more expensively, or more showily than you do. Addition is not always improvement; but I ask you to dress more carefully in the school-room!

Some dress merely from necessity; they are willing to look decently, but all the time spent for anything further is a sinful waste. Others adorn the body simply from a love of the beautiful, and surround themselves with objects that are so. Others gratify, in this way, their pride and vanity, and foster the worst feelings of the heart. There are some, however, who make the adornment of the body, to a certain extent, a *matter of duty*.

My last teacher, one of the most distinguished educators in the land, told us among her last lessons, that we must dress as well as we could,—make ourselves look just as well as possible; “for,” said she, “every improvement in our own appearance increases our power to influence others.” At the same time she made it very plain to us that one may be at great expense to dress very badly, while the attire of another, of the simplest and cheapest fabric, may be perfectly unexceptionable. She also warned us against *wrong motives*, and the danger of being misled, or drawn into any extreme fondness for dress, *for its own sake*.

The art of dressing well depends so much on the adaptation of one thing to another, that it calls for the best judgment, the truest refinement, the keenest perception, and the nicest skill. Our attire must

be fitted to our position in society, the place we are in, and the work we are doing, the time of day and the seasons of the year; and our own age, complexion, figure, and bearing must also be consulted.

Few persons know how much depends on a skillful arrangement and combination of *colors*. Some seem to be entirely ignorant of their harmony, and have never heard or suspected that any two colors will produce, when blended, or contrasted, a more pleasing effect than any other two colors. Every one should know something of this, for the smallest mistake in this matter will sometimes spoil the effect of a dress which is faultless in every other respect. When all these things are duly regarded, we are *well dressed*, or in common language, our dress is "*becoming*."

But all this you have known a long time, and "all this," you are saying, "is of no use to us,—we dress well enough. It is true we do not take much pains to look well when we go into our little out-of-the-way school-houses, for who will see us but those little *things* that wont know whether we look well or not? and if they do, it does not matter!" Ah! but they *will* know, and it *does* matter! A little bright boy came from school and said, "Mother, why doesn't my teacher wear a nice white collar as you do? She doesn't wear *any*, and I'm sure I should like her better if she did."—A timid little girl whispered to her mother, as if she feared she was doing wrong, "My teacher wears a dress that isn't clean. I wish she would n't! Do you think she had any mother to teach her how nice it is to have clean frocks?"

"Well how do you like your teacher?" we said, as a resolute fellow came bounding in, at noon, on the first day of school. "Don't like her." But why? "Don't know,—but she had on the homeliest dress you ever saw!"

A young lady at a seminary says, "I like our teacher much, but she does not seem to know anything about colors, and often wears a *green* ribbon with a *blue* dress,—or a *blue* ribbon with a *red* dress,—and colors that do not suit her complexion at all; and sometimes it troubles me all day." Some of the troubles among smaller children might be traced to the same cause, for such mistakes are just like *discords in music*.

I remember that I disliked one of my teachers from the moment I saw him, because he had on a gaudy, ill-looking vest,—and it is always associated with him in my memory. I have heard of a teacher who gave so little attention to cleanliness, as to become an object of contempt to those of his pupils who were taught, at home,

the necessity of scrupulous care on such points. What the effect was on those not thus guarded by right home-training, I dare not say; but I trust some kind power was at hand to ward off the evil that such an example was calculated to exert.

These are only a few of the many instances I have known, of teachers who have lost the respect and esteem of their pupils, merely from neglect of their *own personal appearance*.

Then let me repeat, be very careful of your dress in the school-room, for the smallest neglect may work incalculable evil among the observant, imitative beings you meet there; while every *real improvement* in your outward appearance will be sure to increase your power to influence them.

NORMA.

WESTFIELD.

A STORY FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

I cannot remember the year—it was long ago—that I passed the night under the hospitable roof of the Hon. Salem Towne, of Charlton, in the County of Worcester. As we sat together in the evening and were speaking of education and of schools, Mr. Towne informed me that, about the year 1800, he taught a school in the South-western district of Charlton. An inhabitant of Sturbridge, the adjoining town, had a boy of whose abilities and general character he appeared to entertain a low estimate, and of whom he spoke to Mr. Towne “disparagingly, as a boy who gave him trouble.” Mr. Towne, notwithstanding this parental forewarning, consented to receive the lad on probation. On the evening of the very first day, the school agent came to the school and told the teacher that the boy was a bad boy, and would disturb the school, and must be turned out. The agent, very probably, received his impressions from the judicious parent, who seems to have made no secret of his opinions. Mr. Towne rejected this hasty counsel, and informed the agent that he should keep a watchful eye upon the lad, and that he thought it would be time enough to turn him out of school when he made any disturbance, and that he was entitled to a fair trial. When the boy came for the first time to recite his lesson, and had got through, Mr. Towne told him to shut his book. He did so, but instantly recoiled, and dodged his head, as if he expected a blow. The teacher inquired what was the matter; the boy replied, that he supposed he should be

beaten; and being asked if he had been accustomed to such usage, he replied in the affirmative. Mr. Towne then quieted his alarm, and assured him that he had nothing to fear if he conducted himself well, and encouraged him by commending his recitation; and was so impressed by the lad's manner of receiving this approbation that he ventured to say to him—"I believe you are a good boy." These words not only entered at the ear—they reached the heart. The lad told his associates that though others had said he was a bad boy, that Mr. Towne had told him he believed he was a good boy, and he was sure he wished to be a good boy.

Not long after, the school agent came again, and earnestly required that the boy should be dismissed from the school. With this request Mr. Towne refused to comply; and said that he "liked the appearance and conduct of the boy, and thought that with some little illustration of the law of kindness, he would make himself known in the world as a useful citizen."

This youth continued to attend the school daily and steadily, and profitably for two winters. At the close of the second winter, the father came to the school and said: "*Bill says that you say I must send him to College, and have him fitted in some private family, not at an academy.*" The father inquired of Mr. Towne what he had seen in Bill, to justify the idea of sending him to College. "*I see,*" said Mr. Towne, "*a boy that you will hear from in after life.*" Mr. Towne recommended the Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Connecticut, as an instructor. This course was followed; the boy went to College, and the predictions of his kind and judicious primary teacher have been verified—the boy was heard from in after life! After having filled many stations of the very first importance in our country, and passed the 70th mile stone in the path of man from the cradle to the grave, he is numbered with the dead—that Sturbridge boy, WILLIAM L. MARCY, is no more!—*Selected.*

A STORY FOR THE YOUTH.

A SHORT STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

ONE evening, a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave half to his boy. "Not so father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working all day for small wages

to support me, and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done." "You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father. "Your love does me more good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me. But, now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat." "Thank you, father: but break this piece in two, and take a little more, for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do." I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not, I have abundance; and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us, what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces to begin their frugal meal. But, as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son," he cried, "do not touch that money." "But whose is it father, if it is not ours?" "I know not yet to whom it belongs; but probably it was put there by the baker through some mistake. We must inquire, son." "But father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf; and the baker may tell a lie, and"—"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the loaf, but did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him. Remember him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us. I am poor, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O let us share also his trust and his confidence in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation; but God's will be done, should we die in doing it. Yes, my boy, trust God and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker.

"Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money," and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father: "if it is take it away." "My father, baker, is very poor, and"

—"Silence, my child, put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing attentively at the honest father, and the eager boy, and the gold which lay glittering on the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; "and my neighbor, David the flax dresser, spoke but the truth when he said thou wert the honestest man in town. Now I shall tell thee about the gold; a stranger came to my shop three days ago and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away, to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning. As thou wouldest not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, and for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasures—and surely, they are not small—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his arm around his neck, and said, "I shall always, like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

Treasurer of Song and Story.

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER.

JOHN POUNDS was one of those good Samaritans of whom every generation, apparently, produces some examples. Born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766, at Portsmouth in England, he was apprenticed, when twelve years of age, to a shipwright, with whom he served three years of his term, when a serious accident happened to the boy. Falling one day from a considerable height into one of the dry docks, he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state, but he was crippled in such a manner as to be unfitted to resume his trade; and so John Pounds became a cobbler.

He lived a lonely kind of life. Having no household society, and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite propensities to live together in harmony. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary-bird on the other, charming away fear from the one, and curbing destructive inclinations in the other.

The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education of poor children seems to have been suggested accidentally to John Pounds. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy, with deformed feet. John benevolently took charge of this lad, cured him of his deformity, and taught him to read. Thinking it would be well for the boy to have a companion in study, he took another, and then another poor child under his care, until at length he became a sort of ragged school-master-general to all the poorer population; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

He might be seen, day after day, in his small workshop, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length, in St. Mary-street, Portsmouth, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children, clustering around him. Sometimes there would be assembled in his shop as many as forty boys and girls, the latter of whom he kept a little apart from the rest. In receiving pupils, he made choice of those who seemed most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little black-guards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. He was once seen following a young vagabond of this stamp, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potatoe.

His methods of tuition were somewhat original. He collected all sorts of refuse hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading and spelling. With the younger children his manner was particularly pleasant. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand he would say, "What do you call this?" and, having received his answer, direct him to spell the word; then, giving the hand a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act.

Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeer's analogous method of teaching a boy to spell "horse," and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down, that he might better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious consideration, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

Writing and arithmetic were taught by John Pounds to the elder pupils, in a manner to give them a creditable degree of skill in those branches. Many of the boys he taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and perform a variety of useful services for themselves and others. Not only did he superintend their sports and personal habits, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains, and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continually exposed. Often he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken children. He acknowledged universal kinship with the neglected and unhappy.

The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give was doubtless very imperfect; but it was infinitely preferable to none at all. He had ample assurances that his steadfast labors, adhered to through a long life, were not fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough jovial sailor, now grown up out of all remembrance, call and shake hands with him, and confess the benefits he had received from his instruction. These were proud occasions for the poor and modest cobbler. Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unobtrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few persons of the respectable sort in the world's estimation, knew anything of his proceedings.

It was the wish of John Pounds that his labors might terminate only with his life. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one for him to entertain and it was his hope to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, "in which a bird drops from his perch." The desire of his soul was granted. On the first of January, 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the large vessels of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain acts of kindness recently rendered to his establishment.

A little boy who was with him at the time carried the intelligence to his assembled school-fellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and saw him to his rest with tears and blessing.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently from year to year he went on

quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper, and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavors to that universal Providence which heeds and nurtures whatever seeds of goodness are sown anywhere in the world. No slightest service to humanity can be lost but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

E. Sargent.

GENTLEMANLINESS.

(We earnestly commend the following article, which we find in the *Massachusetts Teacher*, to the careful consideration of our readers. It contains many very valuable hints. It is too true that men may be found, in all professions, whose usefulness is greatly impaired by the indulgence of some awkward or unseemly habits;—and, we may add, in some cases, by a studied attempt at oddity in manner, expression or dress. A teacher should carefully study and clearly follow the rules of propriety and courtesy not forgetting the often repeated maxim, "As is the teacher so will be the pupils."—*Editor.*)

"At a time when such a hearty and general interest is everywhere, in the free States of the Union particularly, awakened to the immeasurable importance of education, moral, physical, and intellectual, it is a mortifying consideration, that another important and highly practical department is rarely, if ever, alluded to. We refer to that species of training,—we know not in what category to place it,—which prepares the individual, who is favored with its discipline, to perform his part in society, whatever that part may be, with an easy, graceful bearing, and which will not fail to be pleasing to every one who may witness it. Whether he sit or stand or walk, whether he meet or separate from a friend, whether he enter or withdraw from his neighbor's house, whether he be in the street or in the church, in all places and under all circumstances, his whole demeanor will be such as befits a well-bred gentleman.

We would have every youth educated to be, in one prominent point of view, a *Chesterfield*, superadding, however, by all means, to

the original, that in which he was certainly sadly deficient,—a generous sincerity of feeling and honesty of purpose, without which all graceful and gentlemanly bearing is hollow and worse than useless. We have known individuals of high moral and intellectual culture, and filling important stations in some of our literary institutions, one moiety, at least, of whose influence for good was lost to their pupils, and, of course, to society, by unattractive manners and inexcusable boorishness of deportment. They were good men, they were well-furnished with literary and scientific attainments, but there was a fatal drawback in their characters as teachers,—in their manners they were absolute clowns. Ease, and grace, and dignity, which are so essential in forming the character of a successful teacher, constituted no part of their moral attire. They knew nothing of the art of winning the confidence and kind sympathy of those committed to their tuition. The public good demands that they should resign their places, and put themselves, at once, under the instruction of some French teacher of *good manners*.

Too many of our teachers in sacred things are, we are sorry to say, most lamentably wanting in the same thing, an obvious deficiency in good taste and gentlemanly manners. They don't know how to behave in the church or out; they disgust when they are solicitous to please.

We were asked once, by an accomplished, pious, but rather fastidious young lady in a town not very remote from F. Academy, how we were pleased with Mr. T.'s preaching, the day before. "Very well," was our reply, "he preached two very able sermons for a young man." "I dare say," said she, "but it was all lost labor to me, for," continued the young lady, "the preacher came to our house, Saturday afternoon, an entire stranger. My father was not at home, and it devolved on me to entertain him. We were sitting in the parlor, the stranger at one window and I at the other, the table under the glass being between us, when he, to my perfect astonishment, threw his legs,—feet, boots, and all,—over the corner of the table, in this position giving me, as he continued his conversation, the fairest chance imaginable to take a long and full view of the soles of his boots; and those same boots were in my mind's eye during the whole service on the Sabbath." The young lady was not edified. The preacher had not learned to keep his feet in the place where they belonged. He had not taken lessons in the art of sitting gracefully, and consequently his usefulness was impaired. Similar cases of

harm-doing frequently occur, resulting from a want of proper attention to grace of manners.

The physician should, above all others, pay the most scrupulous attention to his person and manners. He should go through a long course of training, till the air and mien of a perfect gentleman are as natural as breathing. His heart should be ever warm with kindness, and his countenance beam with the most animating smile of encouragement.

Some years ago, we asked a very nervous, ever-ailing lady, the highly accomplished wife of a distinguished clergyman, why she had dismissed her former physician, of eminent skill and large experience, and called in a young man of scanty education and but little observation. Dr. N.'s little finger, we remarked, is thicker than Dr. R.'s loins. "It may be all true," the ailing lady said, "but in my case it's of no consequence, for when Dr. N. calls in professionally, he enters my sickroom with his scowling face, asks me a question or two, feels my pulse, and, it may be, looks at my tongue, deals out some medicine, and retires; and I am none the better. But now Dr. R. comes in, all smiling as a May morning, sits down by my side, says a few pleasant things, prescribes for my complaints, and with a smile full of encouragement, bids me good day,—and withdraws. And I assure you," continued she with animation, "Dr. R.'s inspiring smile does me more good than all Dr. N.'s drugs." Our lady was a philosopher; she understood the influence of mind upon the body.

The great Dr. Rush understood it too, and so should every physician. He should not only carry drugs in his medical pocket, but he should know how to enter the chamber of the sick, showing an enlivening smile on his countenance, and the perfect gentleman in his whole behavior.

As in the case with the other branches of education, so with this, the claims of which we are urging,—the first lessons should be given in the family; the young fathers and mothers, be their vocation what it may be, should be polite; their manners should be easy and graceful, and they should teach their first child, and their second, and all the rest to imitate their example. The primary teacher and those following in higher grades should be prepared and willing to carry on the discipline commenced and continued by the parents. Should such a course be pursued, before one generation shall have passed away, the entire population, with the exception of here and there an *old foggy*, will have become accomplished in manners. And, as it has been a thousand times recited from our school geogra-

phies, "The Persians are the French of Asia," we, in one point of view,—we beg to be understood,—shall be put down in the geographies of the next generation the world over, as the *French* of the New World.

Let parents and teachers in the infant school, and all the way up and through the college and professional schools, labor, both by precept and example, to bring about this glorious consummation. The virtue, the thrift, the happiness, and good influence, far and near, of our great Republic would be a sure result."

EFFECTS OF A WRONG WORD.

How much evil is perpetuated in families, and in general society, by one wrong word; every unkind word is wrong. Evil speaking is a quiver full of arrows, and every one of which is dipped in poison; and poisoned speech is rankling, burning and destroying. Set a guard upon the lips. Virtues should be engraved in brass, faults traced in water. A suspicious look, a half-uttered, half-smothered hint, from a sister to a brother in respect to his wife, has shook the whole household, and rocked, to and fro, the domestic state, and threatened the family happiness for months and years, if it have not entirely destroyed it. There is great force in what the poet says:—

A whisper woke the air,
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor further go.
But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
That throbbed from all the world apart—
And that it broke.
It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.
Low as it seemed to other's ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said, a lovely humming-bird,
That, dreaming, in a lily lay,

Was killed, but by the gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came.
And thus *her* heart, unused to shame,
Shined in its lily too;
Her light and happy heart that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird;
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died."—*Selected.*

A CANADIAN SCHOOL INCIDENT.

My third attempt at teaching was in the Parish of St. A., C. E. I had been engaged in the ordinary duties of a common school for three or four weeks, when, on a very cold, bright day in January, a group of children arrived rather earlier than the usual hour. They were all new pupils except one. This was pleasing to me. As the children approached I heard sobbing, and upon opening the door the lad who had previously attended the school entered, leading by the hand a little girl, about seven years of age. Her eyes were large and blue; her hair, which was too fair to be golden, hung around her neck in little ringlets; her cheeks were red, though partly concealed by frozen tears. Her complexion was very fair and her features of an exquisite mould. Her cousin Charley was about twelve years of age, tall and well formed; his eyes were black and his hair was of the same color; his features were regular, and indicative of intellect as well as benevolence. As Charley entered he said, "This is cousin Polly; she's coming to school, please sir, and I told her you wouldn't whip her if she is a good girl; she's crying with the cold." With a little chafing of the cold hands and the aid of a good fire, Polly soon became comfortable. After this introduction, Polly, Charley and myself were very good friends; time glided pleasantly away, for we had a most agreeable assemblage of youth, and, with one exception, a pleasant school room. The exception was, that two of our windows overlooked the highway, and thus presented a tempting attraction to violate the rules of discipline by looking at passers-by in the time of study. The winter was nearly over, and I had become strongly attached to Charley and cousin Polly, for they were docile and obedient, seemingly full of affection for me as well as each other.

I had never had occasion to chastise either of them during the term ; indeed I had to be cautious about addressing them in a hasty or excited manner, else they would have burst into tears immediately ; and to speak harshly to them would be worse than whipping some children. One day, near the close of the term, I had been disturbed several times while attending to classes by the scholars seated near the windows already mentioned ; they would rise from their seats to look at any vehicle which might be passing. After having been interrupted three times while engaged with a class, and as often remonstrating, I lost patience, and said that I should ferule the first one who arose again to look out of the windows. After this announcement all were very quiet for some time, but before I had concluded the exercises of my class I heard a noise, and looking around I saw Polly standing upon a desk and stretching past two girls to look out of the window. Here was a case. All eyes were upon me. I had described a certain kind of punishment, and pledged my word to inflict it upon the one who should violate the rule. Polly was the last one I deemed likely to be guilty, and the last person in the school whom I wished to punish in such a manner ; but now my only alternative was to break my word, or to punish Polly. I called her to me ; she came with tears in her eyes. I asked her why she wept ? She said she was sorry she had forgotten the rule ; that she had been told by Fanny Conly that her Pa and Ma were coming for her in the sleigh, and she got up to look out without thinking. I replied, "If I should not punish you as I said, I should be guilty of an untruth, which is sinful, and I should lose your respect and esteem, as well as that of your schoolmates." "Oh dear ! yes ; you must punish me," said Polly, with a gush of tears, "but I feel so bad *because I cannot help it now !*" and she held out her hand. I stood up as though I was about to inflict the expected blows, when Charley approached, and holding out his hand, said "Please, master, whip me and don't whip Polly." From this little incident I learned two things about teaching ; first, never to pledge myself to any particular kind of punishment beforehand ; and second, that children often shed tears because their error is past recall, or, in the words of Polly, "because they can not help it," when their teachers suppose they are crying for fear of the punishment.

Canada Journal of Education.

BAD SPELLING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Some years ago a teacher presented himself as a candidate for the mastership of a school, of which the salary was fifteen hundred dollars. His qualifications were deemed satisfactory in all respects, *except in spelling*. On account of this deficiency he was rejected. See, now, what ignorance in this elementary branch cost him. In ten years his salary would have amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, throwing out of the calculation the increase which by good investment might have accrued from interest. Besides, the salary of the same school has since been advanced to two thousand dollars. But he might have remained in this position twice or three times ten years, as other teachers in the same place have done, and that large amount might, consequently, have been increased in proportion.

A gentleman of excellent reputation as a scholar was proposed to fill a professorship in one of our New England colleges, not many years since; but in his correspondence, so much bad spelling was found, that his name was dropped, and an honorable position was lost by him. The corporation of the college concluded that, however high his qualifications as a professor might be in general literature, the orthography of his correspondence would not add much to the reputation of the institution.

A prominent manufacturer, in a neighboring town, received a business letter from an individual who had contracted to supply him with a large quantity of stock; but so badly was it spelled, and so illegible the penmanship, that the receiver found it nearly impossible to decipher the meaning. An immediate decision must be given in reply; and yet, so obscure was the expression that it was impossible to determine what should be the answer. Delay would be sure to bring loss: a wrong decision would lead to a still more serious result. Perplexed with uncertainty, throwing down the letter, he declared that this should be the last business transaction between him and the writer of such an illiterate communication; for, said he, I am liable to lose more in this trade alone, than I can make in a lifetime of business with him."

A gentleman who had been a book-keeper some years, offered himself as a candidate for the office of secretary to an insurance company. Although a man of estimable character, possessed of many excellent qualifications, he failed of being elected because he was in the habit of leaving words misspelled on his books. The position would require him to attend to a portion of the correspondence of

the office, and it was thought incorrect spelling would not *insure* the company a very excellent reputation from their method of doing business, whatever amount might be transacted.

Inability to spell correctly exposes one to pecuniary loss. It is, moreover, an obstacle to an advancement to honorable station. Such instances as those recited above are satisfactory proofs; but that this defect in one's education is productive of mortification and mischief is illustrative by the following actual occurrences.

A young teacher had received assistance from a friend in obtaining a school, and wrote a letter overflowing with gratitude to his benefactor, but closed it thus:—Please *except* (accept?) my thanks for your kind favors in my behalf."

Another individual addressed his friend thus—"My dear cur," (sir?)

So, in the one case, the grateful emotions of a young man are nullified by a solitary, perverse word; in the other, the writer unwittingly applies to his friend the epithet which the follower of Mahomet uses, when he would degrade his Christian neighbor to the lowest point his language will admit.

We were about to write a brief homily on the science of spelling as a coda to the foregoing, but for the present refrain, with the hope that a few cases like the foregoing will awaken attention to the importance of the subject, and we can expend our logic to better advantage hereafter.

In the mean time, we invite everybody to furnish facts, *veritable* facts, tending to the same point, the accumulation of which will carry with them a weight not easy to be resisted

A. PARISH.

It is a striking fact that, for upwards of two thousand years, all the illustrious promoters and reformers of education have strongly deprecated corporal punishment. It is true, in Sparta, the *Pædonomos*, or master, was always followed by the *Mastigophoroi*, or lash-bearers,—these latter being selected from young men, and charged with the castigation of the offenders of the various classes. In refined Athens, however, school discipline seems to have been very mild;—in the period after Alexander, so mild, that the sophist philosopher was derided as a man of extraordinary violence, because—a thing unheard of before!—he had awakened by a blow one of his sleeping pupils.—*Selected*

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

(We find the following in Barnard's Journal of Education. It is a sketch of a Country School in New England—"as it was." It was published in 1794 and first appeared in the New Hampshire Spy. We have seen schools since 1794 to which the same article might, in part at least, apply:—schools in which "all sorts of things" are "going on," and that constantly. *Ed.*)

"Put to the door—the school's begun—
Stand in your places every one,—
Attend,——"

• • • •
"Read in the bible, Tell the place—"
"Job twentieth and the seventeenth verse—"
"Caleb, begin." "And—he—shall—suck—"
"Sir,—Moses got a pin and stuck——"
"Silence,—stop Caleb—Moses! here!"
"What's this complaint?" "I didn't, Sir,"
"Hold up your hand,—What isn't a pin?"
"O dear, I won't do so agin."
"Read on." "The increase of his b—b—horse—"
"Hold: H, O, U, S, E, spells house."
"Sir, what's this word? for I can't tell it."
"Can't you indeed? Why spell it." "Spell it."
"Begin yourself, I say." "Who, I?"
"Yes, try. Sure you can spell it." "Try."
"Go, take your seats and primers, go,
You sha'n't abuse the bible so."
"Will pray Sir Master mend my pen?"
"Say, Master, that's enough. Here Ben,
Is this your copy?" "Can't you tell?"
"Set all your letters parallel."
"I've done my sum—'tis just a groat—"
"Let's see it." "Master, m' I g' out?"
"Yes,—bring some wood in—What's that noise?"
"It isn't I, Sir, it's them boys."

"Come Billy, read—What's that?" "That's A—"
"Sir, Jim has snatch'd my rule away—"
"Return it, James. Here, rule with this—"
"Billy, read on,"—"That's crooked S."
"Read in the Spelling-book—Begin."
"The boys are out"—"Then call them in—"
"John, keep your seat." "My sum is more—"
"Then do't again—Divide by four,
By twelve, and twenty—Mind the rule,
Now speak, Manassah, and spell tool."
"I can't"—"Well try"—"T, W, L."
"Not wash'd your hands yet, booby, ha?"

You had your orders yesterday.
Give me the ferule, hold your hand."
"Oh! Oh!" "There,—mind your next command."

"The grammar read. Tell where the place is."
"C sounds like K in cat and cases."
"My book is torn." "The next." "Here not—"
"E final makes it long—say note.
What are the stops and marks, Susanna?"
"Small points, Sir."—"And how many, Hannah?"
"Four, Sir." "How many, George? You look!"
"Here's more than fifty in my book."
"How's this? Just come Sam?" "Why I've been—"
"Who knocks?", "I don't know, Sir." "Come in."
"Your most obedient, Sir?" "And yours."
"Sit down, Sir." "Sam, put to the doors."
"What do you bring to tell that's new?"
"Nothing, that's either strange or true.
What a prodigious school! I'm sure
You've got a hundred here, or more.
A word, Sir, if you please." "I will—
You girls, till I come in be still."

"Come, we can dance to night—so you
Dismiss your brain distracting crew,
And come—For all the girls are there.
We'll have a fiddle and a player."
"Well, mind and have the sleigh-bells sent,
I'll soon dismiss my regiment."

"Silence! The second class must read
As quick as possible—proceed.
Not found your book yet? Stand—be fix'd—
The next read, stop—the next—the next.
You need not read again, 'tis well."
"Come Tom and Dick, choose sides to spell.
"Will this word do?" "Yes, Tom spell dunce.
Sit still there all you little ones."
"I've got a word," "Well, name it." "Gizzard,"
"You spell it Sampson," "G, I, Z."
"Spell conscience, Jack." "K, O, N,-
S, H, U, N, T, S." "Well done!"
"Put out the next"—"mine is folks."
"Tim, spell it"—"P, H, O, U, X."
"O shocking! Have you all try'd?" "No,"
"Say Master, but no matter, go—
Lay by your books—and you, Josiah,
Help Jed to make the morning fire."

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE winter term of the Normal School will commence on Wednesday, Dec. 2d, and continue sixteen weeks. It is very desirable that all who design to attend should make known their intention to the undersigned at an early day.

It is required that all candidates be present on the first day of the term, and none can be received after the term has commenced.

The following is the form of the Certificate which should be given by school visitors to the candidates, whom they recommend for admission, and this Certificate should be forwarded to the undersigned as early as may be, and if the candidates wish to have a boarding place secured they will make known their wishes when they forward their Certificate.

[Date.]

This is to certify,

That

has been examined by the School Visitors of Society and approved as possessed of the qualifications required of teachers of Common Schools in this State, and that he [or she] is hereby recommended by the said Visitors to the Trustees of the State Normal School, as a suitable person, by his [or her] age, character, talents and attainments, to be received as a pupil in that institution.

[Signed by the Chairman.]

DAVID N. CAMP,

Sup't of Com. Schools.

NEW BRITAIN, Nov. 1, 1857.

Editorial Department.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

A FEW WORDS TO SCHOOL VISITORS.

THE question often arises in the mind of every earnest School Visitor "What can be done for the good of the schools under my supervision?" At this season of the year, when our winter schools are about to commence, such a question should be full of interest to those to whom the oversight of our schools is entrusted. We propose to speak of a few particulars in which real service may be done.

1st. *By seeking to encourage and aid the teachers.* Let them see and feel, from the outset, that you are their friend and that you wish to co-operate with them and not merely to act the part of an arbitrary overseer. With some School Visitors the whole of duty has seemed to be to make certain formal calls at the school-room and while there to sit with a dignified, distant air, and captious countenance, with no cheering or suggestive looks or words for teachers, and no kind and encouraging expressions for the pupils. It were better not to have our schools visited at all than to be visited by such men, and in such manner. The School Visitor, or Superintendent, should be a man who knows what constitutes a good school, and one whose heart is in the work of education. More than this, he should feel a deep interest in youth, and have a strong desire to do them good. He should always enter the school-room with that cheerful and friendly countenance which will say to teacher and pupils "I am your friend. I come to aid you, and to offer words of encouragement and, if possible, to make all your efforts more pleasant and successful." In this way what an influence will he secure? His words and wishes will receive the ready attention and prompt response of all.

Let him always endeavor to do something, or say something, which will prove beneficial to the teacher. If errors in manner, in personal appearance or habits, in instruction or in discipline exist, on the part of the teacher, let attention be called to them in that friendly and private way which will be sure to be effectual.

Let him, also, aim to inspire the pupils with right feelings and lead them to right actions. He may do much by holding before them high and honorable motives and by leading them to comprehend the object for which they attend school,—and, if possible, by leading them to feel that their success, in after life, will depend, very much, upon their fidelity as members of school.

2d. School Visitors may do much good by their efforts to awaken true parental interest.

In order that the greatest possible amount of good may be accomplished by any school, it is essential that there be union of feeling and harmony of action on the part of all concerned,—teachers, committees, parents and pupils. If either party is remiss, or uninterested all will suffer therefrom. But what can be done to awaken right parental interest, and secure right parental co-operation? One plan we will name and one only, now. It is no experiment. It has been tried and not “found wanting.” It is a plan that may be tried in every town of our State, and, if faithfully carried out, it will result in incalculable good. In the town of Somers it was admirably executed out by the Rev. Mr. Oviatt and his associates, last winter, and we are assured that the most sanguine expectations of the visitors were fully realized. The plan in brief is this: as soon as may be after the winter schools commence, go into each district and invite the parents to assemble at the school-house. Printed Notices may be sent to each family on the day, or day before that, on the evening of which the meeting is to be held. Let these notices urge a general and punctual attendance on the ground that business of importance is to be transacted. At the appointed time let the business be stated, and its magnitude presented,—after which let members of the Board of Visitors, and others, speak, in a plain and familiar way, of some of the duties required of parents, and urge attention to them. Let the evils of *irregular attendance, tardiness, want of text-books, &c., &c.*, be dwelt upon. Let attention also be called to the importance of co-operating with the teacher and of making occasional visits to the school which their children attend. These, and other topics of a kindred nature, may be kindly, but earnestly, discussed and be productive of the most cheering results. School Visitors, will you try it?

3d. Endeavor to secure monthly, or semi-monthly, meetings of the teachers within the town.

Such meetings will do much good. Their influence will be felt not only on the part of the teachers but also of the parents and pu-

pils. They will be sure to awaken the right interest. They will well pay if only for the opportunity they afford for teachers to become acquainted with each other, and with the visitors. At such meetings visitors may speak, in general terms, of what is expected of teachers and perhaps allude to particulars in which previous teachers had failed. Modes of discipline, methods of teaching, plans for securing punctual and general attendance may be very profitably considered. But we will not enlarge. What towns will follow out these suggestions and give us the results?

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

NEW HAVEN. We recently spent a short time in this beautiful city, and were exceedingly interested in a visit to the Webster and Eaton schools. The former had gained a high reputation while under the charge of our good friend Brown. His successor, C. C. Kimball, Esq., has been signally successful in sustaining the reputation of the school. An admirable state of discipline seems to prevail and the very best of feeling exists between teachers and pupils. Mr. Kimball has an excellent corps of teachers in the several rooms, and those parents who have children in either of the departments have abundant reason to consider themselves fortunate.

We found the Eaton school in a highly satisfactory condition. Mr. Clark, the very efficient principal, has earned a reputation of the first order,—and every department of his school gives the clearest evidence of fidelity, good judgment, and tact. While in this and the Webster school we saw nothing to censure, we found many things to commend and especially the very pleasant relations which seemed to exist between teachers and pupils.

We regret to learn that our good friend Clark is about to leave his present position. He has been enticed away. The offer of one of the best situations in the country, and an increase over his present salary have tempted him. We are very sorry to lose his valuable services, but assure him of our best wishes, and would say, "Go to your new field and do better than you have done here *if you can*. You will bear with you our best wishes, and those of a host of good friends. If ever the Empire State becomes too small for you, old Connecticut will welcome you back."

Mr. Clark has been elected to the superintendency of the public schools of Schenectady, N. Y.

NORMAL SCHOOL. The next term of this institution will commence on the first Wednesday of December. (See notice under official head.)

The High School, under Mr. Tuck, will commence at the same time.

C. F. DOWD. This gentleman, who has been connected with the Board of instruction in the Normal School for several months, has been appointed Associate Principal. He has had much experience in teaching and we hope his success in the new and important sphere of labor will be such as to prove him an eminently suitable person to follow his truly efficient and popular predecessor—the Hon. D. N. Camp.

D. B. HAGAR. In our last we stated that D. B. Hagar, Esq., a distinguished teacher in Roxbury, Mass, had been appointed principal of the Salem State Normal School. This appointment he declines for the reason that the people of Roxbury have *overbid* the State in amount of salary. All right; we are glad of it. The Roxbury men seem to think that if their teacher is good enough for the state he will answer their purpose for the present. They understand how to check the state-interference power.

W. H. WOODBRIDGE, Jr. We learn that Mr. Woodbridge, who has formerly been associated with his father in a flourishing private school at Stonington, has opened a similar school at Westerly, R. I. Mr. W. was once a member of our State Normal School and is deeply interested in the great work of teaching. We wish him abundant success in his new situation.

MR. FRED'K SMITH, a member of the late graduating class of the Normal School, has been engaged to teach in Stonington. He will do well.

MR. DWIGHT ELY,—of Cromwell, has been re-engaged for the ninth district of Stonington. He taught successfully last winter and we are glad his services are again secured. We are also much pleased to learn that this district is erecting a new school house.

MR. WILBUR G. STRONG, late a successful teacher in Stonington, has gone to Newark, N. J. He is an earnest teacher and we wish him success.

We are glad to learn that **MR. GEORGE E. FILLÓW,** of the class of 1856, is doing well in Hartford. As an evidence that his labors are appreciated, his salary has recently been increased from \$700 to \$800.

J. MARSHALL GUION, of the class of 1855, late of Danbury, in this state, has become associate principal of Seneca Falls Academy,

N. Y. He is looking after the absent and tardy ones. If a pupil is absent any part of a session the father receives a note as follows :

Seneca Falls,———185

Mr.———

Dear Sir———was Absent——minutes this——. Was it by your permission? The co-operation of Parents is indispensable in securing the regular attendance of their children at School. Please give us your assistance in this matter, and oblige

Yours, Respectfully,

J. MARSHALL GUION.

If all teachers would adopt a similar plan, they would find it productive of good results. We wish Mr. Guion much success.

Apologetic. Our last number, as our readers very well know, was behind its time. Some one has kindly reminded us of the trio-promise made in our January No. and asked to whom the delay must be charged. Well, good friends, we are happy to say that neither printer, publisher nor editor was really at fault. The State Fair had as much to do with the delay as anything. We ascertained just at the time of going to press, that our Institute for New Haven County had been arranged for same week of the State Fair and not wishing to "run opposition," we thought it best to make a change, and the publication of the Journal was delayed in order that we might announce the change.

REPORTS.

We are constantly receiving valuable school Reports for which we would tender our sincere thanks to those who send them. Among those recently received are the following :

"Annual Report of the Board of Education of the New Haven city School District for the year ending September, 1857."

This contains the first report of *D. C. Gilman Esq.* as Acting Visitor of New Haven. He speaks of the schools as in a satisfactory condition and urges the necessity of providing additional accommodations,—the present rooms bring quite insufficient for all who wish to attend. This is quite creditable to the school system of New Haven.

"Common Schools of Cincinnati. Twenty Eighth Annual Report, for year ending July 6th, 1857."

We are indebted to *A. J. Rickoff Esq.*, the efficient superintendent of public instruction for his very full and valuable Report of the schools of this great western city. We have not room for extracts in this number.

"Report of the School Committee of the city of Springfield, Mass."

Our thanks are due to our good friend A. Parish, Esq. Principal of the excellent High School of Springfield for a copy of this interesting report. We have only room for a few lines giving examples worthy of imitation. In Mr. Parish's School are three pupils who have not been absent from a single lesson since their admission to the school—being 68 weeks,—and yet two of those resided more than a mile from the school room. What school can beat this?

BOOK NOTICES.

THE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH GRAMMARS, with an introduction, historical and critical; the whole methodically arranged and amply illustrated; with forms of correcting, and of parsing, improprieties for correction, examples for parsing, questions for examination, exercises for writing, observations for the advanced Student, decisions and proofs for the settlement of disputed points, occasional structures and defences, an exhibition of the several methods of analysis, &c. By Gould Brown. 8vo. 1070 pp. New York: Samuel S. and William Wood.

We are under obligations to Mr. Joel Fox, of Hampton, for a copy of this truly invaluable work. We may safely commend it as a work of unequalled excellence and worth. As a book for the student who wishes to perfect himself in the science of Grammar, or as a book for reference in school, private or public libraries, we cannot commend it too highly. It is emphatically what its title indicates—"The Grammar of English Grammars." An excellent likeness of the author embellishes the volume.

Mr. Fox, who is agent for the work for this state, will take pleasure in furnishing the work to any who may wish it, at the lowest rate.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. Illustrated by numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Our sincere thanks are tendered the author for a copy of this truly charming book for youth. It consists of three parts. Part I, treats of plants, part II, of animals, and part III, of air, water, heat, light, &c. It is written in a very pleasing and familiar style and is just the book for schools and families. We learn that it is used in some of the best schools of New Haven, and gives a high degree of satisfaction.

CAMP'S GEOGRAPHY, embracing the key to Mitchell's Series of Outline Maps. By David N. Camp, Principal of the Conn. State Normal School, and state Supt. of Common Schools. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

This work, though prepared with special reference to the use of Mitchell's Outline Maps, contains enough of Geography for any of our schools. It has been arranged with great care and good judgment, and is more free from superfluous matter than any Text-Book, on the same subject, within our knowledge. The Maps have been carefully revised to meet the wants of the present time, and we most cordially commend both the book and the maps for our schools,—and hope they will soon be found in every school-room in our State.